

THE HOUSTON DAILY POST.

Houston Printing Company.

R. H. JOHNSON, President.

J. J. PALMER, Vice-President.

THE DAILY POST, 115 Columbia.

SUNDAY POST, 115 Columbia.

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which they labored. Under the so-called "McKinley prosperity," a notorious and artificial prosperity by which the cost of living has been put up by the Dingley tariff and the trusts, the condition of these miners has grown worse rather than better. None of the "good times" were for them. They have not only been made to get out "a ton and a half" of coal for "a ton" on the wage side, but they have had to pay 20 per cent more for living while their wages remained stationary and the prices of coal went up. The average monthly pay was about \$20, out of which they paid rent at the rate of 50 per cent of the value of the company's houses they occupied.

They have been worked hard and half starved and now when they ask for a slight increase in wages and a slight improvement in their condition in view of this great "industrial activity" and "prosperity" of which Mr. McKinley speaks so eloquently in his letter of acceptance, the barons insolently refuse even to confer with them.

Capital may win the fight. It may be only another great sacrifice in a good cause, but the Nation will be far along toward the re-institution of slavery and the surrender of its manhood and nobility if it looks with indifference on the struggle, or fails in November to fittingly rebuke the men who are crying "prosperity" to these miserable miners while subjecting them to a galling penance. And if the charity of the country is appealed to in behalf of these operatives there ought to be a generous response.

A MISLEADING DISPATCH.

A New York dispatch in yesterday's Post, referring to contemplated action "by the war department" in the matter of repairs and improvements of the government's property on Galveston Island and the deepening of the channel from the jetties to Houston, was based undoubtedly on a little fact and a great deal of mere speculation.

It is stated that "quick action" will now be taken by the government and that the "projected improvements will include connections with Houston." These improvements are then mentioned as a 100-foot wide and 25-foot deep channel through Galveston bay to the mouth of Buffalo bay, and thence to Houston a channel "sixty feet wide and seventeen and one-half feet deep."

This is not the plan contemplated for the deep water channel at all. The New York reporter has things confused. This is doubly apparent when he says further that the whole cost will be about \$4,000,000, of which "\$371,000 has already been expended."

The war department engineers have reported that a channel 100 feet wide and 25 feet deep from the jetties to Houston "would cost" about \$4,000,000. No 40-foot wide, 17-1/2-foot deep channel has been calculated or contemplated at any time through the bay. We have declined to call for an appropriation for such a channel. The width and depth up to Houston are, in the plans for our ship channel, expected to be respectively, 100 and 25 feet. It is this that congress alone can authorize and this that we are asking for.

The war department has only \$363,000 available for "dredging" and improving the channel through the bay but this work has been so planned by the department that it shall constitute a good beginning for the greater work which is expected congress will eventually authorize. The department has no authority to do anything until congress authorizes it, and makes the necessary appropriations therefor.

The \$371,000 referred to as having already been expended is probably the total of the "piece appropriations," for years past, to keep the channel, as it has existed, clear.

The New York reporter has evidently heard of what Houston has been trying to get congress to do and in a confused way now imagines that the war department is going to make such and such improvements. The New York dispatch is, therefore, misleading. Houston expects to secure the money from congress for a 100-foot wide and 25-foot deep channel and the only effect this storm has had or can have on the expedition of that project, is to more clearly and emphatically demonstrate to congress the need of a first class interior or land-locked harbor and commercial port in this region.

The department will probably take prompt measures to repair the fortifications, but it can dig no channels other than those authorized by congress. It is not in any position to project or initiate any new work on its own responsibility.

The individual too often forgets that "there are others." Naturally a man who is in trouble, or worried, or forgets other's troubles and worries. If everything does not move exactly as we wish it, or as we think it ought to move under such circumstances, we are apt to become vigorous "kickers" or whinnying complainers. Don't do it. At such a time as this confusion is unavoidable and many cases of seeming abuse or injustice may occur. But strive to have patience and to believe that the purpose of nine men out of every ten with whom you come in contact is to do what is right and for the greatest good of the greatest number. And don't believe half the rumors you hear.

The history of the storm does not fail to show its long list of modest and humble heroes.

In Paris, France, a meeting of Americans, residents and transients, resulted in a subscription of \$5,000 for the Galveston sufferers. The "riche-trotter" is good for some other things than mere sight-seeing.

The sanitary situation in this city should be made perfect enough at once to sustain any strain upon it.

Arkansas was as dead sure for the democrats as Vermont and Maine for the republicans, but the republicans did not gain in percent in Arkansas or the democratic vote show any signs of apathy.

The administration at Washington, it seems, is preparing in dead earnest to get out of

China, since Richard Olney expressed the fear that the Philippines might be "lost" on us as a Philippines. The administration is betraying some cause for us to hope that it will discover that imperialism is really an issue in this campaign before the campaign is over.

The voters continue to make it impossible for "Bobs" to go just at present after that dukedom and those London glimmers.

The agricultural sections of the South have been increasing in population the past ten years in a greater ratio than the cities. The farmer is still the backbone of the country.

When Colonel Hay took to the mountains Emperor William seems to have fallen heir to Salisbury until our presidential campaign is over.

The chaotic conditions are rapidly disappearing. The fact is the magnitude of the Galveston disaster stupefied and almost paralyzed Houston as well as Galveston.

It is thought that the census will show that the population of the country at present in cities of 8000 and more inhabitants will reach 25,000,000.

The miners in Pennsylvania can not certainly all be fooled all the time. They will learn after awhile what political agencies are favoring their oppressors.

From a calm, judicial and non-partisan standpoint ex-Secretary Olney's arraignment of McKinleyism is the most powerful campaign document yet issued.

We can get a better idea now of the ravages of the Porto Rican hurricane. And, being Porto Rico was immediately thereafter placed under carpet bag rule.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT.

Colonel Hare's Report Names Lieut. Lowe for Service in Philippines.

The following report was made public recently at Washington:

Washington, August 15.—In the office of the adjutant general has been filed a list of officers of the Thirty-third infantry whose conduct was such as to call for special mention. Following is an extract from the report, referring to Lieutenant W. L. Lowe of Galveston. Letters printed last spring told of the conspicuous part Lieutenant Lowe took as captain of the guard at the rescue of Lieutenant Gillmore.

To the Adjutant General, District No. 1, W. L. Lowe, P. I., June 6, 1900.—Sir: I have the honor to submit herewith a list of officers of my regiment whose conduct in action and on other occasions has been such as to call for special mention:

Name—W. L. Lowe, first lieutenant, brevet captain.

Action—Tuguan Mountain, P. I. Date—December 4, 1899.

Particular act—Distinguished conduct in leading his company against the enemy, who were entrenched on mountain ridge, resulting in the capture of the ridge and the capture of the enemy's camp.

Very respectfully, L. R. Hare, Colonel, Thirty-third infantry, U. S. V., Commanding.

Lieutenant Lowe is a son of Colonel Robert G. Lowe of the Galveston-Dallas News. He is a manly young fellow and the praise for gallant conduct which has come to him from his commanding officer is no more than was expected by his numerous friends in Texas. It is indeed a pleasure to the Post to make mention of this particular incident.

CALLED FOR A SHAVE ONLY.

But the Stranger in New York Had to Take Several Other Things.

New York Times.

"Well, I feel better, anyhow," remarked an out-of-town guest to the hotel clerk of a lower Broadway hotel.

The clerk, not being busy, saw there was something weighing on the guest's mind, and with a benign smile waited for a bunko story.

"First class barber shop you have here in the 'Hub,' ventured the guest, a little more politely.

"Pretty good," said the clerk, sympathetically.

"Yes-s-s," continued the guest, warming to the subject, "I had a shave there awhile ago. That is, I want to have a shave three hours ago. The man who got hold of me was an artist, I could see that. As soon as I got into the chair he didn't wait for me to say what I wanted, but tucked a towel around my neck and began running his fingers through my hair."

"Shave behind and around the edges?" he inquired, getting out his shears with the other hand.

"No, please," said I.

"Certainly, sir," he replied briskly, "but I'll just take a little off around the edges here. It needs it."

"He had almost finished his scissors when I saw a shadowy figure in the doorway. Your hair is splitting badly, sir," he said with deep concern.

"Splitting?" said I. "What is that for?"

"Indeed it is, sir. It requires singeing at once. The fellow in the wax taper lighted by this time."

"Ah, all right," said I, and for another twenty minutes the shop in my vicinity smelled like a mattress factory on fire.

PRESSING NEEDS OF ALVIN

Every Business House as Well as Practically All the Residences Were Entirely Wiped Out.

Alvin, Texas, September 13.—Mayor R. H. King returned from Galveston yesterday, where he had been detained by the storm of Saturday night, the 5th of September, and is now in control of the relief work at this place. A meeting of the relief committee was held last night, at which a general appeal was made to the people of the United States for aid. Approximately every business house and stock of goods, as well as every residence in a radius of fifteen miles from the center of this city is a total wreck. The college, public school building and every church in the city is a total wreck. The property loss, it is estimated by conservative business men, in the city alone amounts to \$900,000. It is impossible to make an estimate of the loss to the farmers at this time, but nine out of ten are homeless and have lost their all. The citizens here are trying to clear away the debris that blocks the streets, but it will take several months before the wreckage will be cleared away. No interior town in the path of the storm has suffered as badly as Alvin and aid is badly needed. The merchants have lost their entire stocks of goods, and the people are unable to get any more stuff until they can erect new buildings or repair those that are damaged. One small lot of provisions arrived from Houston last night, but not enough to go around. Mayor King wired the governor yesterday and is in hopes he will receive a supply today. Alvin will be the distributing point for many thousands of people, and they are well organized to handle all supplies sent to this point. Only one other death is reported from the list already published in The Post, that of Mrs. J. T. Cook, who died yesterday from being struck by a piece of lumber, making a total of thirteen deaths in this city. A great many were more or less injured, but will recover. The loss to the stockmen will be heavy. Alvin and the Alvin district are the only ones who have the flower garden of Texas, today is almost a barren waste. People are without crops, homes or hope for the future, unless aid is rendered them.

AT MONT BELVIEW.

Galveston, Texas, September 14.—It is not all tears in Galveston, not all sorrow. Hearts bowed down with grief are not heavy all the time, and there are smiles and good cheer and hearty handshakes with it all.

Here is a sample of the conversation: "Hello, Bill, I'm glad to see you alive!" "Same to you, old man," as they join hands in hearty clasp.

"How about your family?" "All safe, thank God."

"I lost my little one, but the rest are safe. How's your home?" "Gone; knocked into kindling wood, but that don't matter, as I saved my wife and children after a hard struggle."

And the two pass on, the one light-hearted, the other a smile listening in his tear dimmed eye, both glad for what was left them.

I saw a telegram to a Galveston woman from a sister in Houston with whom she had hardly been on speaking terms for years. It read:

"Are you safe? Do you want any money? Come up to Houston and live with us."

Is there necessity of comment? I saw neighbors who had been quarreling and saying spiteful things about each other for months, riding down the street in the same buggy, the most loving of chums in the world.

I saw rival candidates for the same political office catch hold of opposite ends of the same log, and with a "heave, ho!" toss it up out of the way of wagons and pedestrians, each doing the work for humanity's sake.

Social distinction is wiped out. I heard the banker tell his story of the storm to his stableman with as much vim and gusto as though hobnobbing with his heaviest depositor. White and colored stopped to make inquiries of each other and shake hands.

One man's religious creed is no better than another's. I saw a minister of the gospel take a drink of whisky and I heard a gambler thank God. The churches all over town suffered heavily and the Galveston brewery was hardly damaged.

I saw a blind mendicant, a continual object of charity, on the corner of Twenty-first and Market, and heard of hundreds upon hundreds of great, strong, useful men who went down with the flood.

Life is stranger than fiction, but it does seem an ironical providence that saves the hurt and the maimed and takes away the useful.

One thing he did in his awful visitation of Saturday night. He swept the beach clear of those noisome midway joints between Tremont and Rosenberg avenue, and he wiped from the face of the earth a number of vile resorts.

I stood on the foundation of the brick chimney of the old beach hotel with the waters of the gulf lapping the soles of my feet, and not a vestige of these places could I see. Will they be rebuilt with the new Galveston? Let us hope that no more unsightly bath houses with monstrous railroad signs be erected south of the driveway along the new irregular beach.

How peaceful, how innocent, how guiltless those waters looked as the greenish blue took on the tint of an opal when touched by the slow descending sun of this delightful mid-September day. The little waves rocked back and forth at my feet, singing their soft, reatful, crooning song.

I had but to turn my head to see columns of smoke rising all over the city, marking imprudent crematories of human bodies, senseless slay, the souls from which had been sent to their Maker by those same innocent looking waters. I had but to look between and beyond these spiral columns, these tombstones

At Richmond, Texas, September 13.—The citizens are using every available means to get their houses in repair, so they can be occupied.

The electric light plant will not make any repairs. The wire is being rolled up and the plant will be repaired as fast as possible.

The telephone and telegraph companies are repairing their lines as fast as possible.

At Pine Point, Texas, September 13.—The neighborhood has been badly damaged by the late storm, nearly everything swept away. A worthy widow and her children are in a sorry condition, having lost everything. Also Alice, Alfred, a good negro man, lost his home and crops, and there are others who need help.

ASSIST THE UNFORTUNATE.

The Post Has Opened a Subscription For Storm Sufferers.

It has been suggested from several quarters that The Post open its columns for the collection of subscriptions for the storm sufferers' fund, and in response to said suggestion The Post now invites the charitable of Houston, of Texas and of the country generally to come quickly to the rescue. All contributions sent in will be acknowledged by publication under this head, and the amounts will be turned over to the proper committees for distribution and application for the noble work of assisting the unfortunate.

The following sums came in yesterday:

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Previously Reported..... | \$817.25 |
| Orange Relief Committee..... | 200.00 |
| Citizens of Oakwood, Texas..... | 100.25 |
| Poole Bros., Chicago, Ill..... | 100.00 |
| Merchant & Co., Philadelphia, Pa..... | 50.00 |
| Cash..... | 50.00 |
| Saengerbund Club, Fayetteville, Texas..... | 38.45 |
| Henry F. Fisher..... | 25.00 |
| W. W. Manning, Delmar, Nev..... | 25.00 |
| Jno. McVoy & Co., Chicago, Ill..... | 25.00 |
| Clede & Koening..... | 15.00 |
| Geo. E. Cory, Chicago, Ill..... | 10.00 |
| R. H. Lane, McCall, S. C..... | 5.00 |
| Chas. F. Schultz..... | 5.00 |
| I. Lewin..... | 5.00 |
| Two Subscribers..... | 5.00 |
| Cash from Hempstead..... | 1.00 |
| Total..... | \$1476.95 |

IT IS NOT ALL TEARS.

There Are Smiles and Brightening Hopes. A Better and Stronger Galveston.

(BY G. HERBERT BROWN.)

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